



HENRY and EMMA.



Barlow sculp.
False calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attenos my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man to ru
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The
ERMIT of WARKWORTH.

a Northumberland Ballad.

BY BISHOP PERCY.

HENRY and EMMA.

Upon the model of

Nut Brown Maid by Mat^w Prior &c



33282
1902

Die, traitor, die! A deadly thrust o'-
Attends each furious word.
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice
And rush'd beneath his sword.

LONDON.

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Taste shewing Britannia the Beauties of Modern Poets,

Roach's
BEAUTIES
of the

MODERN
Poets,

of
Great Britain,

carefully
Selected

and

Arranged
in
Three Volumes

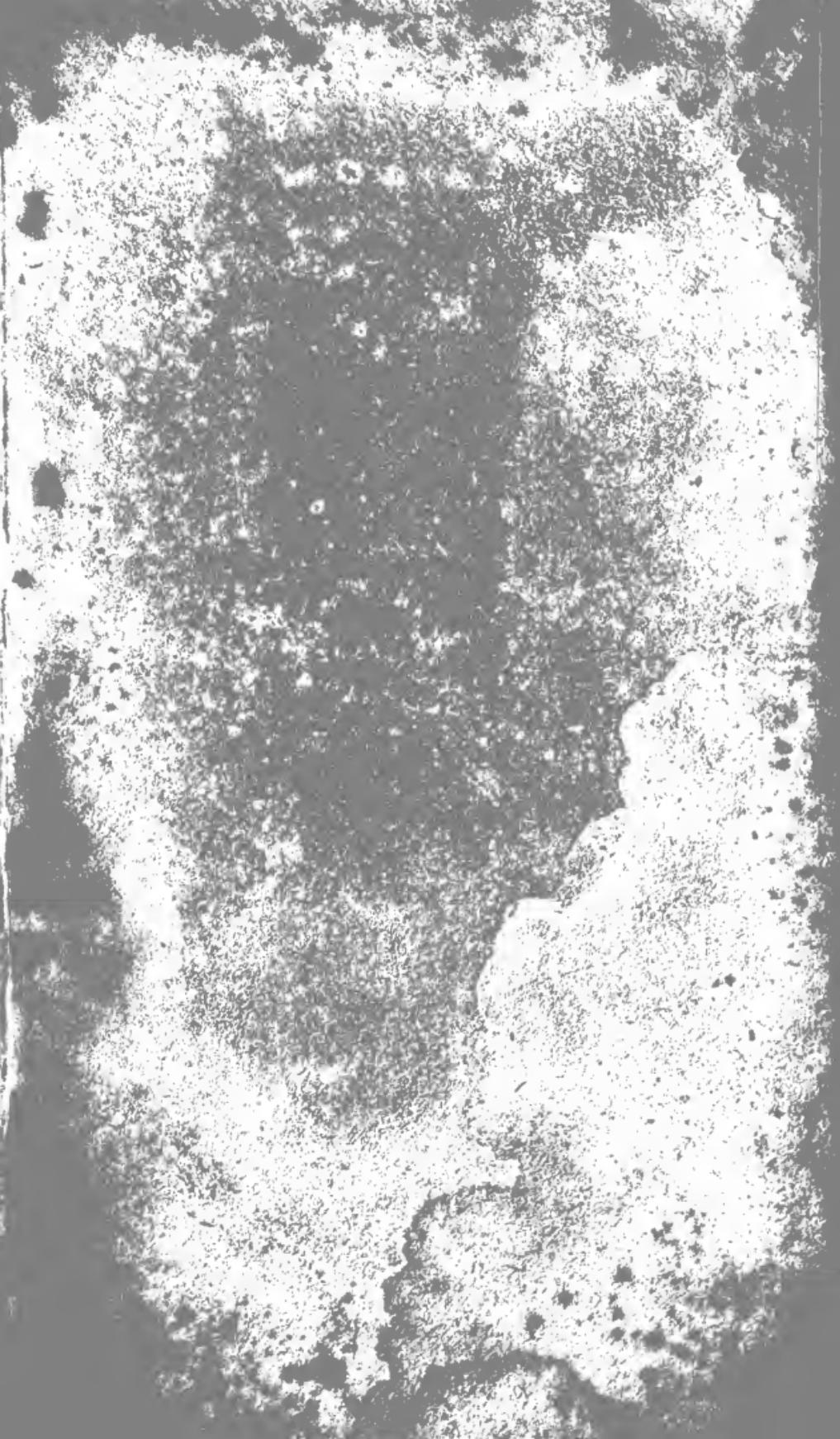
VOL. I.



And thou sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;

Goldsmith.

LONDON.



TO HER GRACE

E L I Z A B E T H

D U C H E S S A N D C O U N T E S S O F

N O R T H U M B E R L A N D ;

IN HER OWN RIGHT

B A R O N E S S P E R C Y, &c. &c. &c.

DOWN in a northern vale wild flowrets grew,
And lent new sweetness to the summer gale ;
The Muse there found them all remote from view,
Obscur'd with weeds, and scattered o'er the dale.

O Lady, may so slight a gift prevail,
And at your gracious hand acceptance find ?
Say, may an ancient legendary tale
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd mind ?

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentle ear :
But all for you the Muse her lay design'd,
And bade your noble Ancestors appear ;

She seeks no other praise, if you commend
Her great protectress, patroness, and friend.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland, stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river COQUET, (called by our old Latin Historians, COQUEDA) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swoln with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a HERMITAGE ; of which the Chapel is still intire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river ; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the Sacrifice and Vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses : for the former of these, which runs parallel with the Chapel, appears to have had an Altar in it, at which Mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small ; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet ; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height : it is however very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock ; and has all the decorations of a compleat Gothic Church or Cathedral in miniature.

But what principally distinguishes the Chapel, is a small Tomb or Monument, on the south side of the altar : on the top of which, lies a female figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly

ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary ; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish Churches ; who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar : whereas the figure of of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other figures ; which, as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little Chapel itself, with all its ornaments, and the two adjoining apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage; Tomb, &c. are delivered to the Reader in the following rhimes.

It is universally agreed, that the founder was one of the **BERTRAM** family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same **BERTRAM**, that endowed **BRINKBURN** Priory, and built **BRENKSHAUGH** Chapel : which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But **BRINKBURN** Priory was founded in the reign of K. Henry I. * whereas the form of the Gothic windows in this Chapel, especially of those near the altar, is found ra-

ther to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of K. Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden † informs us, that armorial crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of K. Edward II.

These appearances still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the HERMIT of WARKWORTH was not the same person that founded BRINKBURN Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the BERTRAM family, who lived at a later period.

† *See his Remains.*

* * * FIT was the word used by the old Minstrels to signify a *Part* or *Division* of their Historical Songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to this kind of compositions. See Reliques of Ancient Eng. Poetry, Vol. II. p. 166 and 397. 2d. Ed.

T H E
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,
A
NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

By BISHOP PERCY.

FIT THE FIRST.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay ;
When, lo ! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire ;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend fire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

O weep not, lady, weep not so ;

Nor let vain fears alarm ;

My little cell shall shelter thee,

And keep the safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,

Nor for myself I fear ;

But for my dear and only friend,

Who lately left me here :

And while some sheltering bower he sought

Within this lonely wood,

Ah ! sore I fear his wandering feet

Have slipt in yonder flood.

O ! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,

And to my cell repair ;

Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,

And ease thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,

He scales the cliff so high ;

And calls aloud, and waves his light

To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds

With careful steps and slow :

At length a voice return'd his call,

Quick answering from below :

O tell me, father, tell me true,
 If you have chanc'd to see
 A gentle maid, I lately left
 Beneath some neighbouring tree :

But either I have lost the place,
 Or she hath gone astray :
 And much I fear this fatal stream
 Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise heaven, my son, the Hermit said ;
 The lady's safe and well :
 And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
 And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
 They lov'd each other dear ;
 The youth he pres'd her to his heart ;
 The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
 Beheld so sweet a pair :
 The youth was tall with manly bloom,
 She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
 With bugle-horn so bright :
 She in a silken robe and scarf
 Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the Sage ;
 Sweet rest your limbs require :
 Then heaps fresh fowel on the hearth,
 And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,
 Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;
 And spreading all upon the board,
 Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare ;
 The youthful couple say :
 Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
 And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my children, (for perchance
 My council may avail)
 What strange adventure brought you here
 Within this lonely dale ?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
 (Nor blame mine eager tongue)
 What town is here ? What lands are these ?
 And to what lord belong ?

Alas ! my son, the Hermit said,
 Why do I live to say,
 The rightful lord of these domains
 Is banish'd quite away ?

Ten winters now have shed their snows
 On this my lowly hall,
 Since valiant HOTSPUR (so the North
 Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
 Led up his northern powers,
 And stoutly fighting lost his life
 Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
 His country's hope and heir ;
 And, oh ! to save him from his foes
 It was his grandfathers care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
 Beyond the reach of strife,
 Nor long before the brave old Earl
 At Bramham lost his life.

And now the PERCY name, so long
 Our northern pride and boast,
 Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud ;
 Their honors reft and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
 Now leads our youth to arms ;
 The bordering Scots dispoil our fields,
 And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
 Now moulder in decay ;
 Froud strangers now usurp their lands,
 And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream
 Runs winding down the lea,
 Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,
 And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas ! now stand forlorn,
 With noisome weeds o'erspread,
 Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
 And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills.
 The PERCY lives unknown :
 On stranger's bounty he depends,
 And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes
 But live to see him here,
 Then should my soul depart in bliss ! —
 He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY still so lov'd
 Of all his friends and thee ?
 Then, bless me father, said the youth,
 For I thy guest am HE,

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
 To wipe the tears he shed ;
 And lifting up his hands and eyes,
 Pour'd blessings on his head :

Welcome, our dear and much lov'd lord,
 Thy country's hope and care :
 But who may this young lady be,
 That is so wonderous fair.

Now, father, listen to my tale,
 And thou shalt know the truth :
 And let thy sage advice direct
 My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
 Beneath the Regent's hand*,
 In seats of arms, and every lore
 To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burn'd
 My native land to see :
 At length I won my guardian friend,
 To yield that boon to me.

Then

* Robert Stuart, *Duke of Albany*. See the continuator of Fordun's *Scoti-Chronicon*, cap. 18, cap. 23. &c.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
 I wandered as in chace,
 Till in the noble **NEVILLE**'s house +
 I gain'd a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
 Till I'd the hap so rare,
 To please this young and gentle dame,
 That baron's daughter fair.

Now, **PERCY**, said the blushing maid.
 The truth I must reveal ;
 Souls great and generous, like to thine,
 Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,
 Led by the fragrant breeze,
 I wandered forth to take the air,
 Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots;
 That near in ambush lay,
 Moss-troopers from the border-side,
 There seiz'd me for their prey.

My

* Ralph Neville, *first Earl of Westmoreland*, who chiefly resided at his two Castles of Brancepeth, and Raby, both in the bishoprick of Durham.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
 But heaven, that saw my grief,
 Brought this brave youth within my call.
 Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting spear,

And dagger in his hand,

He sprung like lightning on my foes,
 And caus'd them soon to stand.

He fought, till more assistance came ;

The Scots were overthrown ;

Thus freed me, captive, from their bands
 To make me more his own.

O happy day ! the youth replied :

Blest were the wounds I bare !

From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
 And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,

She vowed to be my bride ;

But oh ! we fear'd, (alas, the while !)

Her princely mother's pride ;

Sister of haughty BOLINGBROKE *

Our house's ancient foe.

To me I thought a banish'd wight

Could ne'er such favour show.

* Joan, *countess of Westmoreland*, *mother of the Lady*,
was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of *king*
Henry VI.

Despairing then to gain consent ;
 At length to fly with me
 I won this lovely timorous maid ;
 To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
 Fearing we were pursu'd,
 We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
 And gain'd this lonely wood :
 Then lighting from our weary steeds
 To shun the pelting shower,
 We met thy kind conducting hand,
 And reach'd this friendly bower.
 Now rest ye both, the Hermit said ;
 A while your cares foregoe :
 Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed ;
 We'll pass the night below *.

FIT THE SECOND.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
 And every storm was fled :
 But lovelier far, with sweeter smile.
 Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She

* Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins : whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still

She found her HENRY all alone,
 And cheer'd him with her sight ;
 The youth consulting with his friend
 Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast ?
 Her cheek what blushes dyed,
 When fondly he besought her there
 To yield to be his bride ?

Within this lonely hermitage
 There is a chapel meet :
 Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
 And make my bliss compleat.

O HENRY, when thou deign'st to sue,
 Can I thy suit withstand ?
 When thou, lov'd youth, haft won my heart,
 Can I refuse my hand ?

For thee I left a father's smiles,
 And mother's tender care ;
 And whether weal or woe betide,
 Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid,
 Such matchless favour show,
 To share with me a banish'd wight
 My peril, pain, or woe ?

Now heaven. I trust, hath joys in store
 To crown thy constant breast ;
 For, know, fond hope assures my heart
 That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands COQUET Isle
 Surrounded by the sea ;
 There dwells a holy friar, well known
 To all thy friends and thee * :

'Tis father Bernard, so rever'd
 For every worthy deed ;
 To RABY castle he shall go,
 And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
 Our reverend host is gone ;
 And soon, I trust, his pious hands
 Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
 The lingering hours beguile :
 At length they see the hoary sage
 Come from the neighbouring isle.

With

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth Abbey.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
 He greets the noble pair,
 And glad consents to join their hands
 With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to RABY's distant walls
 He kindly wends his way ;
 Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet
 They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
 The Hermitage they view'd,
 Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
 And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
 All cut with nicest skill,
 And piercing thro' a stony arch,
 Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
 His little garden stands ;
 With fruitful trees in shady rows,
 All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
 Three sacred vaults he shows ;
 The chief a chapel, neatly arch'd,
 On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
 That should a chapel grace ;
 The lattice for confession fram'd,
 And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
 Invites to godly feat ;
 And in a little scutcheon hung
 The crofs, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
 Two easy steps ascend ;
 And near a glimmering solemn light
 Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
 All in the living stone :
 On which a young and beauteous maid
 In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel fairly carv'd
 Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
 A weeping warrior at her feet ;
 And near to these her crest*.

The

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c. here described are still visible; only somewhat effaced with length of time.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
 Attract the wondering pair :
 Eager they ask, what hapless dame
 Lies sculptured here so fair ?

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
 For sorrow scarce could speak :
 At length he wip'd the trickling tears
 That all bedew'd his cheek :

Alas ! my children, human life,
 Is but a vale of woe ;
 And very mournful is the tale,
 Which ye so fain would know.

THE HERMIT's TALE.

YOUNG lord, thy grand sire had a friend
 In days of youthful fame ;
 Yon distant hills were his domains ;
 Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
 His friend was at his side ;
 And many a skirmish with the Scots
 Their early valour try'd.

Young BERTRAM lov'd a beauteous maid,
 As fair as fair might be ;
 The dew-drop on the lilly's cheek
 Was not so fair as she.

Fair WIDDINGTON the maiden's name,
 Yon towers her dwelling place *;
 Her fire an old Northumbrian chief
 Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many knight
 To this fair damsel came ;
 But BERTRAM was her only choice ;
 For him she felt a flame.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,
 Her father soon consents ;
 None but the beauteous maid herself
 His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
 Defers the blissful hour ;
 And loves to try his constancy,
 And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
 Which is too lightly won ;
 And long shall rue that easy maid,
 Who yields her love too soon.

Lord PERCY made a solemn feast
 In Alnwick's princely hall ;
 And there came lords, and there came knights,
 His chiefs and barons all,

With

* Widdrington Castle, is about five miles south of Warkworth,

With wassel, mirth, and revelry
 The castle rung around ;
 Lord **P E R C Y** call'd for song and harp,
 And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
 All clad in robes of blue,
 With silver crescents on their arms
 Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
 They sung : their high command :
 ‘ How valiant **M A I N F R E D** o'er the seas
 ‘ First led his northern band*.
 ‘ Brave **G A L F R E D** next to Normandy
 ‘ With went'rous Rollo came ;
 ‘ And from his Norinan castles won
 ‘ Assum'd the **P E R C Y** name†.
 ‘ They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
 ‘ Lord **W I L L I A M** shipp'd his powers,
 ‘ And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
 ‘ With all her lands and towers‡.

‘ Then

* See *Dugdale's Baronage*, pa. 269, &c.

† In lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy : whence the family took the surname of De Percy.

‡ William De Percy, (fifth in descent from Galfred, or Geffery De Percy, son of Mainfred,) assisted in the

- Then journeying to the Holy Land,
‘ There bravely fought and dy’d :
- But first the silver Crescent wan,
‘ Some Paynim Soldan’s pride.
- They sung how AGNES, beauteous heir,
‘ The queen’s own brother wed
- Lord JOSCELINE, sprung from Charlemagne,
‘ In princely Brabant bred*.

‘ How

conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of Emma De Porte, (so the Norman writers name her,) whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young Lady, William from a principal of honour and generosity, married : for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the conqueror, ‘ he (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience.’ See Harl. MSS. 692. (26.) — He died at Mountjoy near Jerusalem in the first Crusade.

* Agnes De Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline De Lovain, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and brother of queen Adeliza, second wife of king Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland. His son lord Richard De Percy was one of the twenty-six barons, chosen to see the Magna Charter duly observed.

- ‘ How he the PERCY name reviv’d,
- ‘ And how his noble line
- ‘ Still foremost in their country’s cause
- ‘ With godlike ardor shine.’

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
 Applaud the master’s song,
 And deeds of arms and war became
 The theme of every tongue,

Now high heroic acts they tell,
 Their perils past recall ;
 When, lo ! a damsel young and fair
 Step’d forward thro’ the hall.

She BERTRAM courteously address’d ;
 And kneeling on her knee ;
 Sir knight the lady of thy love
 Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helme
 Well-plated many a fold,
 The casque was wrought of temper’d steel,
 The crest of burnish’d gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
 And yields to be thy bride,
 When thou hast prov’d this maiden gift
 Where sharpest blows are try’d.

Young BERTRAM took the shining helme
 And thrice he kiss'd the same :
 Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
 With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord PERCY, and his barons bold
 Then fix upon a day
 To scour the marches, late opprest
 And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
 A thousand horse and more :
 Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years
 The PERCY standard bore,

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
 And range the borders round :
 Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
 Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
 Hath heard the hunter's cries,
 And rushes forth to meet his foes ;
 So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
 A thousand warriors wait :
 And now the fatal hour drew on
 Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen

A chosen troop of Scottish youths]

Advance before the rest ;

Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,

And thus his friend address'd.

Now, BERTRAM prove thy lady's helme,

Attack yon forward band ;

Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,

Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,

And spur'd his eager steed,

And calling on his lady's name,

Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks

The livid lightning rends ;

So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks

Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,

And keenly pierces thro' ;

And many a tall and comely knight

With furious force he slew!

Now closing fast on every side

They hem sir Bertram round ;

But dauntless he repels their rage,

And deals forth many a wound.

The vigor of his single arm
 Had well-nigh won the field ;
 When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
 And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
 And reft his helme in twain ;
 That beauteous helme, his lady's gift !
 —— His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord PERCY saw his champion fall
 Amid the unequal fight ;
 And now, my noble friends, he said,
 Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in, with stretch'd out shield
 He o'er the warrior hung ;
 As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
 To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
 Three times they quick retire :
 What force could stand his furious strokes,
 Or meet his martial fire ?

Now gathering round on every part
 The battle rag'd amain ;
 And many a lady wept her lord
 That hour untimely slain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
 There all their courage shew'd ;
 And all the field was strew'd with dead,
 And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
 The Scots reluctant yield,
 And, after wonderous valour shown,
 They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields
 And weltering in his gore
 Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
 To WARK's fair castle bore*.

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love :
 Her father kindly said ;
 And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
 And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went, no daughter came ;
 Fair ISABEL ne'er appears :
 Befrew me, said the aged chief,
 Young maidens have their fears

* WARK castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of TIVIOT-DALE, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

Cheer up my son, thou shalt her see
 So soon as thou canst ride ;
 And she shall nurse thee in her bower.
 And she shall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram, at her name reviv'd,
 He bless'd the soothing sound ;
 Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
 And heal'd his ghastly wound.

FIT THE THIRD.

ONE early morn while dewy drops
 Hung trembling on the tree,
 Sir Bertram from his sick bed rose,
 His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
 Of courage firm and keen,
 And he would tend him on the way
 Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
 By many a lonely tower ;
 And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
 Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
 That wont to shine so bright ;
 And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
 Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose
 With voice so shrill and clear :
 What wight is this, that calls so loud,
 And knocks so boldly here ?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
 Come from his bed of care :
 All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
 To see thy lady fair.

Now out alas ! (she loudly shriek'd)
 Alas ! how may this be ?
 For six long days are gone and past,
 Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
 And ready was he to fall ;
 When now the draw-bridge was let down,
 And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight are past and gone,
 Since she set out to thee ;
 And sure if no sad harm had hap'd
 Long since thou would'st her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance
 She tore her hair, and cried,
 Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight,
 All thro' my folly and pride !

And now to atone for my sad fault,
 And his dear health regain,
 I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
 And sooth his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
 One morn at break of day ;
 And two tall yeomen went with her
 To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
 And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind :
 Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest,
 'Till I thy lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
 And with sad boding heart
 Or ever the dawning of the day
 His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
 O'er Scottish hills to range :
 Do thou go north, and I'll go west ;
 And all our dress we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath feiz'd my love,
 And borne her to his den ;
 And ne'er will I tread English ground
 Till she is restored agen.

The brothers straight their paths divide,
 O'er Scottish hills to range ;
 And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
 And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of grey,
 Most like a palmer poor,
 To halls and castles wanders round,
 And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
 With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
 And wends to every tower and town ;
 O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn
 All sunk in deep despair,
 An aged Pilgrim pass'd him by,
 Who mark'd his face of care.

All minstrels yet that ever I saw,
 Are full of game and glee :
 But thou art sad, and woe-begone !
 I marvel whence it be !

Father, I serve an aged lord,
 Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
 His only child is stol'n away,
 And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son ; perchance, (he said)
 Some tidings I may bear :
 For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
 Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills so steep and high,
 Down in a lowly glen,
 There stands a castle fair and strong,
 Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
 About this evening hour,
 Me-thought I heard a lady's voice
 Lamenting in the tower.

And when I ask'd what harm had hap'd,
 What lady sick there lay ?
 They rudely drove me from the gate,
 And bade me wend away.

The tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear,
 He thank'd him for his tale ;
 And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
 And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
 Which stood in dale so low,
 And sitting down beside the gate,
 His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
 To hear a minstrel's song ?
 Or may I crave a lodging here,
 Without offence or wrong ?

My lord, he said, is not at home
 To hear a minstrel's song :
 And should I lend thee lodging here,
 My life would not be long.

He play'd again so soft a strain,
 Such power sweet sounds impart,
 He won the churlish Porter's ear,
 And moved his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he said, thou play'st so sweet,
 Fair entrance thou should'st win ;
 But, alas, I am sworn upon the rood
 To let no stranger in.

Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff
 Thou'l find a sheltering cave ;
 And here thou shalt my supper share,
 And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,
 And pipes both loud and clear :
 All night he watches round the walls,
 In hopes his love to hear.

The first night as he silent watch'd,
 All at the midnight hour,
 He plainly heard his lady's voice
 Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
 And gilt the spangled dew ;
 He saw his lady thro' the grate,
 But 'twas a transient view.

The third night wearied out he slept
 'Till near the morning tide ;
 When starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
 And to the castle hy'd.

When, lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
 Depending from the wall :
 And o'er the mote was newly laid
 A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
 Wrapt in a tartan plaid ;
 Assisted by a sturdy youth
 In Highland y-clad.

Amaz'd confounded at the sight,
 He lay unseen and still ;
 And soon he saw them cross the stream,
 And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
 The youthful couple fly,
 But what can 'scape the lover's ken ?
 Or shun his piercing eye ?

With silent steps he follows close
 Behind the flying pair,
 And saw her hang upon his arm
 With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said ;
 My thanks thou well hast won :
 For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd ?
 For me what dangers ran ?

And ever shall my grateful heart
 Thy services repay :—
 Sir Bertram would no further hear,
 But cried, Vile traitor, stay !

Vile traitor, yield that lady up !—
 And quick his sword he drew.
 The stranger turn'd in sudden rage
 And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
 Gave many a vengeful blow :
 But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
 And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die !—A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word.

Ah ! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush'd beneath his sword*.

O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm !
Thou dost thy brother slay !—
And here the Hermit paus'd and wept :
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest ?—
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell and stab'd her breast.

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth ?
Ah ! cruel fate ! they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they :
They sigh'd ; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from the flow ?
The Hermit paus'd ; they silent mourn'd ;
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In

* See the Vignette.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
 And clos'd the ghastly wound ;
 In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
 And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas ! spoke never more ;
 His precious life was flown.
 She kindly strove to sooth my pain,
 Regardless of her own.

Bertram she said, be comforted,
 And live to think on me :
 May we in heaven that union prove,
 Which here was not to be !

Bertram, she said, I still was true ;
 Thou only hadst my heart :
 May we hereafter meet in bliss !
 We now, alas ! must part.

For thee, I left my father's hall,
 And flew to thy relief ;
 When, lo ! near Cheviot's fatal hills
 I met a Scottish chief.

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
 I had refus'd with scorn ;
 He flew my guards and seiz'd on me
 Upon that fatal morn ;

And in these dreary hated walls
 He kept me close confin'd ;
 And fondly sued and warmly press'd
 To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
 Each night increas'd my fear ;
 When wandering in this northern garb
 Thy brother found me here.

He quickly form'd this brave design
 To set me captive free ;
 And on the moor his horses wait
 Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
 And for thyself provide ;
 And sometimes fondly think on her,
 Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul
 Even with her latest breath,
 She gave one parting fond embrace,
 And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
 Devoid of sense I lay :
 Then sudden ~~in~~ frantic mood
 I meant myself to slay :

And rising up in furious haste
 I feiz'd the bloody brand*; [* i. e. Sword.]

A sturdy arm here interpos'd,

And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crow'd that from the castle came,

Had mis'd their lovely ward ;

And seizing me to prison bare,

And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn

Their chief was prisoner ta'en :

Lord P E R C Y had us soon exchang'd,

And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honored dear remains

To England were convey'd ;

And there within their silent tombs,

With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,

And long to end it thought ;

Till time, and books, and holy men

Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,

Whence heavenly comfort flows :

They taught me to despise the world,

And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
 Vain hope, and fordid care ;
 I meekly vowed to spend my life
 In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir BERTRAM now no more,
 Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
 But poor and humble BENEDICT,
 Now lowly, patient, mild ;

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
 And sacred altars raise ;
 And here a lonely Anchorite
 I came to end my days.

This sweet sequestred vale I chose,
 These rocks and hanging grove ;
 For oft beside that murmuring stream
 My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice ;
 This blest retreat he gave :
 And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
 And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
 My life I've lingered here ;
 And daily o'er this sculptured saint
 I drop the pensive tear.

And

And thou dear brother of my heart,
 So faithful and so true,
 The sad remembrance of thy fate
 Still makes my bosom rue!

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
 Forsaken, or forgot,
 The **P E R C Y** and his noble sons
 Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
 And cumbrous pomp of power,
 Would gladly seek my little cell.
 To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life, is length of woe,
 I liv'd to mourn his fall :
 I liv'd to mourn his godlike sons,
 And friends and followers all.

But thou the honors of thy race,
 Lov'd youth shall now restore ;
 And raise again the **P E R C Y** name
 More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
 His choicest blessings laid :
 While they with thanks and pitying tears
 His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take

They ask the good old fire !

And guided by his sage advice

To Scotland they retire.

Meen-time their suit such favor found

At RABY's stately hall,

Earl Neville and his princely spouse

Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her * Nephew's throne

The royal grace implor'd :

To all the honors of his race

The PERCY was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more

Admir'd his beauteous dame :

NINE noble SONS to him she bore,

All worthy of their name.

* King Henry V. Anno 1414.

*** The account given in the foregoing ballad of young PERCY, the son of HOTSPUR, is confirmed by the following Extract from an old Chronicle formerly belonging to Whitby Abbey.

‘ HENRY PERCY, the son of sir HENRY PERCY, that
 ‘ was slayne at Shrewsbury, and of ELIZABETH, the
 ‘ daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death of his
 ‘ Father and Grauntsyre, was exiled into Scotland * in the
 ‘ time of king Henry the Fourth: but in the time king
 ‘ Henry the Fifth, by the labour of JOHANNE the countes
 ‘ of Westmerland, (whose Daughter ALIANOR he HAD
 ‘ WEDDED IN COMING INTO ENGLAND,). he recovered
 ‘ the King’s grace, and the countye of Northumberland, so
 ‘ was the seconde Erle of Northumberland,’

‘ And of this ALIANOR his wife, he begate IX Sonnes,
 ‘ and III Daughters, whose names be JOHANNE, that
 ‘ is buried at Whitbye: THOMAS, lord Egremont: KA-
 ‘ THARYNE GRAY of Rythyn: Sir RAFFE PERCY:
 ‘ WILLIAM PERCY, a Byshopp: RICHARD PERCY:
 ‘ JOHN, that dyed WITHOUT ISSUE: [another JOHN,
 ‘ called by *Vincent* § ‘ Johannes Percy senior de Wark-
 ‘ worth:] GEORGE PERCY, Clerk: HENRY that dyed
 ‘ WITHOUT ISSUE: ANNE—’ [besides the eldest son
 and successor here omitted, because he comes in below, viz.]
 ‘ HENRY PERCY, the THIRD Erle of NORTHUMBER-
 LAND.’

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692. (26.) in the British Museum

POST-

* *i. e. remained an Exile in Scotland during the Reign of King Henry IV. In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quarti. Lat. MSS. penes Duc. North.*

P O S T S C R I P T,

IT will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inscribed was that Latin verse of the Psalmist*, which is in our Translation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.

IT is also certain, that the memory of the first Hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the PERCY family; that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Priest, to reside in the Hermitage, and celebrate Mass in the Chapel: whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Dissolution of the Monasteries; and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the first Hermit; but the following Instrument will shew the liberal Exhibition afforded to his Successors. It is the Patent granted to the last Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c. of the VIth Earl of Northumberland. in Henry the VIIIths time †.

SIR

* *Psal. xliii. 3.*

† *Classef, F. I. No. 1. panes Duc, Northumberland.*

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX
MERKS BY YERE.

• HENRY Erle of Northumberland, &c. Know youe
that I the said Erle, in consideration of the diligent and
thankfull service, that my well beloved Chaplē Sir *George*
Lancastre hath don unto me the said Erle, and also for the
goode and vertus disposition I do perceive in him: And for
that he shall have in his daily recommendation and praiers
the good estate of all such noble Blode and other Personages,
as be now levynge: And the Soules of such noble Blode
as be departed to the mercy of God owte of this present lyve,
Whos Names are conteyned and wretyn in a Table upon
perchment signed wiith thande of me the said Erle, and de-
livered to the custodie and keapyng of the said Sir *George*
Lancaster; And further, that he shall kepe and saye his de-
vyn service in celebratyng and doyng Masse of *Requiem*
every weke accordynge as it is written and set furth in the
said Table: *Have* geven and graunted, and by these pre-
sentes do gyve and graunte unto the said Sir *George*, myn
Armytage belded in a Rock of stōne within my Parke of
WARKWORTH in the Countie of Northumberland in the
honour of the bleffed Trynete, With a yerly Stipendie of
twenty Merks by yere*, from the feest of feint Michell
tharchaungle last past afore the date herof yerly duryng the
naturall lyve of the said Sir *George*: AND also I the said
Erle have geven and graunted, and by these Presents do
gyve

* This would be equal to £.100 per annum now. See
the *Chronicon Preciosum*.

gyve and graunte unto the said Sir George Lancastre, the occupation of one little Gresground of myn called Conygarth nygh adjoynynge the said Harmytage, only to his only use and proufit wynter and sumer durynge the said terme; *The Garden and Orteyard* belongyng the said Armytage; *The Gate* * and Pasture of Twelf Kye and a Bull, with their Calves sucking; AND two Horses goyng and beyng within my said Parke of Warkworth wynter and somer; *One Draught of Fishe* every Sundae in the yere to be drawn fornenſt † the said Armytage, called the Trynete Draught; AND Twenty Lods of Fyrewode to be taken of my Wodds called Shillbotell Wode, duryng the said term. The Stipend of xx Merks by yer to be taken and perceived ‡ yerly of the rent and terme of my Fiffyng of Warkworth, by thands of the Fermour or Fermours of the same for the tyme beyng yerly at the times ther used and accus-

tomed by evyn Portions. IN

Allowe in recompense wytnes whereof to thes my Letters Patentē I the said Erle have

hereof yerly xii §.

set the Seale of myn Armes:

Yeven undre my Signet at my
Castle of Warkworth, the third Daye of December, in teh
XXIII. Yer of the Reigne of our Sovereign Lorde Kyng
Henry the Eight.

On

* *i.e.* Going: from the verb, *To Gae.*

† *Or Fore-anenſt:* *i.e.* opposite.

‡ Sic MS.

§ So the MS. The above Sir Richard Rych was Chancellor of the Agumentations at the Suppreſſion of the Maſteries.

On the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the above Patent was produced before the Court of Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20 Oct. A. 29. Hen. VIII. when the same was allowed by the Chancellor and Council of the said Court, and all the profits confirmed to the incumbent Sir George Lancaster; Excepting that in compensation for the annual Stipend of Twenty Marks, he was to receive a Stipend of Ten Marks, and to have a free Chapel called the Rood Chapel, and the Hospital of St. Leonard, within the Barony of Wigdon, in the County of Cumberland.

After the perusal of the above PATENT it will perhaps be needless to caution the Reader against a Mistake, some have fallen into; of confounding this Hermitage NEAR Warkworth, with a Chantry founded WITHIN the town itself, by Nicholas de Farnham, bishop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III. who appropriated the Church of Branketon for the maintenance there of two Benedictine Monks from Durham*. That small monastic foundation is indeed called a CELL by bishop Tannert: but he must be very ignorant who supposes that by the word CELL is necessarily to be understood a Hermitage; whereas it was commonly applied to any small conventional establishment, which was dependant on another.

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of bishop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in several old Surveys of Queen Elizabeth's time; and its scite, not far from Warkworth

Warkworth Church, is still remembered. But that there was never more than *One* Priest maintained, at one and the same time, within the *Hermitage*, is plainly proved (if any further proof be wanting) by the following Extract from a Survey of Warkworth, made in the Year 1567,* viz.

‘ Ther is in the Parke (sc. of Warkworth) also one Howse hewyn within one Cragge, whlch is called the *Hermitage Chapel*: In the same ther haith bene *One Preast* keaped which did such godlye Services as at that tyme was used and celebrated. The Mantion Howse [sc. the small building adjoining to the Cragge] ys now in decaye: The Closes that apperteined the said Chantrie is occupied to his Lordship’s use.’

* By Geo. Clarkson, MS, penes Duc, North.

HENRY

HENRY AND EMMA

UPON THE MODEL OF

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

By MATTHEW PRIOR.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,
Careless of what the cens'ring world may say ;
Bright Cloe ! object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow ?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains ?
No longer shall the Nut-Brown Maid be old,
Tho' since her youth three hundred years have roll'd ;
At thy desire she shall again be rais'd,
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd,
No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love and not be lov'd again ;
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand :
And while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame,

O, fairest of the sex ! be thou my Muse ;
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse :
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
 And grant me Love the just reward of verse.

As Beauty's potent queen with ev'ry grace
 That once was Emma's has ador'd thy face,
 And as her son has to my bosom dealt
 That constant flame which faithful Henry felt,
 O let thy story with thy life agree,
 Let men once more the bright example see ;
 What Emma was to him be thou to me :
 Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
 Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove :
 But, oh ! with pity long entreated crown
 My pains and hopes ; and when thou say'st that one
 Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh ! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Ifis and her husband Thame
 With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
 In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd,
 Great gifts bestow'd, and great respects receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
 Led his free Britons to the Gallic war,
 This lord had headed his appointed bands,
 In firm allegiance to his king's commands,
 And (all due honors faithfully discharg'd)
 Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
 With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
 And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
 In honorable ease and rural sport
 The remnant of his day's he safely past,
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow nor flew too fast ;
 He made his wish with his estate comply,
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter, chaste and fair,
 His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir :
 They call'd her Emma, for the beauteous dame
 Who gave the virgin birth had borne the name ;
 The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd,
 For in the child the mother's charms improv'd :
 Yet as when little rounnd his knees she play'd,
 He call'd her oft' in sport his Nut-brown Maid ;
 The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
 (As still they please who imitate their lord)
 Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun ;
 The mutual terms around the land were known,
 And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature still her charms increas'd,
 Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
 Oh ! what perfections must that virgin share
 Who fairest is esteem'd where all are fair ?
 From distant shires repair the noble youth,
 And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
 By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
 They came, they saw, they marvell'd, and they lov'd,
 By public praises and by secret sighs
 Each own'd the general pow'r of Emma's eyes.

In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove
 By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
 In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
 And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
 In vain they combated, in vain they writ,
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit ;
 Great Venus only must direct the dart,
 Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
 Spite of th' attempts of Force and soft effects of Art : }
 Great Venus must prefer the happy one ; }
 In Henry's cause her favor must be shown,
 And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone. }

While these in public to the castle came,
 And by their grandeur justify'd their flame,
 More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
 His 'squires, his arms, and equipage, forsakes.
 In borrow'd name and falfe attire array'd,
 Oft' he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dreft,
 Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast ;
 In his right hand his beachen pole he bears,
 And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
 Still to the glade where she has bent her way
 With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
 Bids her decline the hill and shun the brake,
 And shews the path her steed may safest take ;
 Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound
 Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd,
 And blows her praises in no common sound. }

A falconer Henry is when Emma hawks ;
 With her of tarsels and of lures he talks :
 Upon his wrist the tow'ring merlin stands,
 Practis'd to rise and stoop at her commands :
 And when superior now the bird has flown,
 And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down,
 With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair,
 And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
 Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,
 His downcast eye reveals his inward woes ;
 And by his look and sorrow is exprest
 A nobler game pursu'd than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
 And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
 The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
 Or to admire or emulate his song ;
 While with soft sorrow he renew's his lays,
 Nor heedful of their envy nor their praise :
 But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
 With dutiful respect and studious fear,
 Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy now the house he haunts,
 And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
 With the fond maids in palmistry he deals ;
 They tell the secret first which he reveals ;
 Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd ;
 What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain, the child :

But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
 A softer look unbends his op'ning brow :
 With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
 And in soft accents forms the kind reply,
 That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
 And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his fly disguise,
 Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes ;
 Oft' had founnd means alone to see the dame,
 And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame ;
 And oft' the pangs of absence to remove
 By letters, soft interpreters of love ;
 Till time and industry (the mighty two
 That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
 Made him perceive that the inclining fair
 Receiv'd his vœws with no reluctant ear :
 That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
 And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,
 And with the secret kept the love increas'd,
 The am'rous youth freqnents the silent groves,
 And mnch he meditates, for much he loves.
 He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again ;
 Great are his joys ; but will they long remain ?
 Emma with smiles receives his present flame,
 But, smiling, will she ever be the same ?
 Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds,
 And summer seas are rul'd by sudden winds :

Another love may gain her easy youth ;
 Time changes thought, and Flatt'ry conquers Truth,
 O impotent estate of human life ;
 Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife ;
 Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
 And most we question what we most desire.
 Amongst thy various gifts, great Heav'n, bestow
 Our cup of love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
 Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught
 With nauseous grief ; for our ill-judging thought
 Hardly enjoys the pleasureable taste,
 Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies opprest,
 (Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
 By one great trial he resolves to prove
 The faith of woman and the force of love :
 If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
 That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,
 And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r ;
 But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail,
 If pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale,
 Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail,
 His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
 Resumè his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle in a verdant glade,
 A spreading beech extends her friendly shade ;

Here oft' the nymph his breathing vows had heard ;
 Here oft' her silence had her heart declar'd.
 As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
 And genial Life inform'd the verdant woods,
 Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
 Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
 Upon this tree, and as the tender mark
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
 Venus had hear'd the virgin's soft address,
 That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
 As potent Nature shed her kindly show'rs,
 And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow'rs,
 Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair,
 Which as with gay delight the lover found,
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her presents crown'd,
 Glorious thro' all the plains he oft' had gone,
 And to each swain the mystic honor shown,
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes ;
 To the lone tree the lovely maid invites :
 Imperfect words and dubious terms express
 That unforeseen mishance disturb'd his peace ;
 That he must something to ear commend,
 On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
 The remnant of the day alone she griev'd ;
 For diff'rent this from ev'ry former note
 Which Venus dictated and Henry wrote ;

Which

Which told her all his future hopes were laid
 On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid ;
 Which always blefs'd her eyes and own'd her pow'r,
 And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanc'd : the house in sleep were laid,
 The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid ;
 And, last, that sprite which does incessant haunt
 The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt,
 To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
 With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay :
 For Love, fantastic pow'r, that is afraid
 To stir abroad till Watchfulness be laid,
 Undaunted then o'er cliffs and vallies strays,
 And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways.
 Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
 Where Cupid goes, tho' he poor guide is blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
 To ask if yet its chief delight were nigh :
 With fear and with desire, with joy and pain
 She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain ;
 But, oh ! his steps proclaim no lover's haste ;
 On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast ;
 His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs,
 And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas ! we credit what we love ;
 His painted grief does real sorrow move
 In the afflicted fair : adown her cheek
 Trickling the genuine tears their current break ?

Attentive stood the mournful nymph; the man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

HEN. Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign ?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love ?
Hast thou now dreaded and now blest his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey ?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded and as love prevail'd ?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling thro' thy heart ?
If so, with pity view my wretched state,
At least deplore, and then forget my fate :
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By fortune favour'd and successful arms ;
And only as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas ! outcast of human race,
Love's anger only waits and dire disgrace ;
For, lo ! these hands in murder are imbru'd,
These trembling feet by Justice are pursu'd :
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away ;
A shameful death attends my longer stay ;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

EMMA. What is our bliss that changeth with the moon,
 And day of life that darkens ere 't is noon ?
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies ?
 And where is Emma's joy if Henry flies ?
 If love, alas ! be pain, the pain I bear.
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd :
 The god of Love himself inhabits there,
 With all its rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
 His complement of stores and total war. }

O ! cease then coldly to suspect my love,
 And let my deed at least my faith approve,
 Alas ! no youth shall my endearments share,
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care ;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indiff'rence of the Nut-brown Maid ;
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
 View me resolv'd where'er thou lead'st to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe ;
 For I attest fair Venus and her son.
 That I of all mankind will love but thee alone.

HEN. Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way,
 And take good heed what men will think and say ;
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
 Her father's house and civil life forsook ;

That

That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
 She to the woodland with an exile ran.
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,
 And virgin-honor once, is always stain'd :
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun :
 Better not do the deed than weep it done :
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame,
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame :
 Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love,
 And leave a banish'd man thro' lonely woods to rove.

EMMA. Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
 By the rash young or the ill natur'd old ;
 Let ev'ry tongue its various censures chuse,
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse ;
 Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
 And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
 Let then thy favor but indulge my flight,
 O ! let my presence make thy travels light,
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name
 Above the rumours of censorious Fame ;
 Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,
 Than that this truth should to the world be known,
 That I of all mankind have lov'd but thee alone.

HEN. But canst thou wield the sword and bend the bow ?
 With active force repel the sturdy foe ?
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly,

Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dang'rous day ?
 Then as thy strength decays thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale ;
 With fruitless sorrow thou inglorious Maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd ;
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
 Thy little useleſs aid, and coward fly ;
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
 A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA. With fatal certainty Thalestris knew

To send the arrow from the twanging yew :
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
 Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame ?
 And shall not Love's diviner pow'r inspire
 More hardy virtue and more gen'rous fire ?

Near thee, mistrust not, constand I'll abide,
 And fall or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
 Tho' my inferior strength may not allow
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow,
 With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Soech'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
 Shouldst thou, (but Heav'n avert it !) shouldst thou bleed,
 To stop thy wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair ;

Blest when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HEN. But canst thou, tender Maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain ?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove ? can they resist,
The parching Dogstar and the bleak North-east ?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain ;
When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring woods.
And find among the cliffs no other house.
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs,
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and weeping try
(Tho' then, alas ! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats where Ease and Plenty brooding sat ?
These seats whence, long excluded, thou must mourn ;
That gate for ever bar'd to thy return ;
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove ?

EMMA. Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede ;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails.
But would forsake the ship and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar ?
No, Henry, no : one sacred oath has ty'd
Our loves ; one destiny our life shall guide ;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day
To beat the woods and rouse the bounding prey,
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return.

And

And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food:
With humble duty and officious haste
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast ;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring :
And when at night, with weary toil oppress'd,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st and wholesome rest,
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care ;
And joyous ask at morn's returning ray
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend
By all the sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart ; and, grateful, let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

H E N. Vainly thou tell'st me what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare :
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful breeds, with various ribbon'd bound ;
No longer shall the boddice aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beatifully left ;
Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair side dependant to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth ; a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side ;

The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
 Licentious, and to common eye-sight free ;
 And with a bolder stride and looser air,
 Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
 Mistaken Maid, shalt thou in forests find :
 'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
 Or guardian gods made innocence their care :
 Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,
 For such must be my friends ; a hideous crew,
 By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
 Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill ;
 Their common loves a lewd abandon'd pack,
 The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back ;
 By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
 Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :
 With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
 Afflict their violence and divide their prey ;
 With such she must return at setting light,
 Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
 Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
 And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
 Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
 The ill-bred question and the lewd reply ;
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
 Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
 That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
 And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
 What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake :
 By our ill omen'd stars add adverse heav'n
 No middle object to thy choice is giv'n :
 Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
 Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woodsto rove.

EMMA. O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
 Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates ;
 Mix the amongst the bad, or make thee run
 Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.

Yet

Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :
 And sure my little heart can never err
 Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within,
 And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
 By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd,
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
 Who has assay'd no danger gains no praise,
 In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat ;
 In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beats ;
 Their flatt'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat
 For thee alone these little charms I dreſt,
 Coudeſn'd them or absolv'd them by thy test :
 In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
 Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone ;
 For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
 The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
 For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee :
 O line extreme of human infamy !
 Wanting the ſcissors, with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obſtructs my flight) this load of hair :
 Black foot or yellow walnut ſhall disgrace
 This little red and white of Emma's face :
 These nails with scratches ſhall deform my breast,
 Left by my look and colour be exprefte
 The mark of ought high-born, or ever better dreſt.
 Yet in this commerce, under this diſguife,
 Let me be grateful ſtill to Henry's eyes ;
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known ;
 My fate I can absolve if he ſhall own
 That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HEN. O wildest thought of on aband'on'd mind !
 Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
 Ev'u honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me. said Emma ſo ?

Or did I dream what Emma never said ?
 O guilty error ! and O wretched Maid !
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him who next should tempt her easy fame,
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?
 Confess thy frailty and avow the sex :
 No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake, but say, 't is man with whom thou long'st to rove.
 EMMA. Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ; [swords,
 Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame !
 More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
 Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ?
 Whose artful sweetnes and harmonious strain,
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
 Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid,
 And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
 Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid ?

Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite
 Produce my actions to severest light,
 And tax my open day or secret night.
 Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part ?
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
 Which angels might not hear and virgins tell ?
 And hast thou Henry in my conduct known
 One faint but that I must for ever own,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone ?

HEN. Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone ;
 Each man is man, and all our sex is one :
 False are our words, and fickle is our mind ;
 Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade :

When

When arm'd with rage we march a gainst the foe,
 We lift the battle-axe and draw the bow ;
 When fir'd with passion we attack the fair,
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear ;
 Our falsehood and our arms have equal use,
 As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st again receive,
 The only boon departing Love can give.
 To be less wretched be no longer true ;
 What strives to fly thee why should'st thou pursue ?
 Forget the present flame, indulge a new :
 Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth ;
 Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth.
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
 Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ;
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why shouldst thou weep ? let Nature judge our case ;
 I saw thee young and fair; pursu'd the chace
 Of youth and beauty : I another saw
 Fairer and younger : yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling Mother, I pursu'd
 More youth, more beauty. Blest vicissitude !
 My active heart still keeps its pristine fame,
 The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms,
 With present pow'r compels me to her arms ;
 And much I fear from my subje&ed mind,
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
 That years may roll ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd,
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err,
 So wide to hope that thou may'st live with her :
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows ;
 Cupid averse, rejects divided vows ;

Then from thy foolish heart, vain Maid, remove
 An useless sorrow and an ill-star'd love,
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA. Are we in life thro' one great error led ?
 Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd ?
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?
 Am I of mine the most completely curst ?
 Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
 This happy object of our diff'rent care,
 Her let me follow ; her let me attend,
 A servant : (she may scorn the name of friend)
 What she demands incessant I'll prepare ;
 I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair ;
 My busy diligence shall deck her board,
 (For there at least I may approach my lord)
 And when her Henry's softer hours advise
 His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when increasing grief brings slow disease,
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed ;
 When Henry's mistres shows him Emma dead,
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect :
 With virgin honors let my hearse be deck't,
 And decent emblem ; and, at least, persuade
 This happy nymph that Emma may be laid
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
 The nymph, amidst her joys, may haply breathe
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death.
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
 And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart,
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
 To her whom love abandon'd to despair ;

To her who dying on the wounded
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That of mankind she lov'd but thee alone.

H E N. Hear, soleinn Jove, and, coufscious Venus, hear ;
And thou, bright Maid, believe me whilst I swear ;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O pow'rful Virtue ! O-victorions Fair !
At least excuse a trial too severe ;
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love :
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth ;
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl : him terrible in war,
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows,
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows.
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,
And sees his num'rous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire ; shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait :
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day,
And while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy ev'ning feasts adorn,
And blooming Peace shall ever blefs thy morn ;
Succeeding years their happy race shall run
And Age unheeded by delight come on,
While yet superior love shall mock his pow'r ;
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,

Which

Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold,
What rests of both one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence, then, for ever, from my Emma's breast
(That heav'n of softness, and that teat of rest)

Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love ;
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA. O day ! the fairest sure that ever rose !
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes !

Sire of her joy ; and source of her delight,
O ! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tinture of thy white.

Yet tell thy vot'ry, potent queen of Love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove ?

Will he be ever kind, and just, and good ?
And is there yet no mistrefs in the wood ?

None, none there is : the thought was rash and vain,
A false idea, and a fancy'd pain,
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious Jealousy's corroding smart ;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.

If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwear'y'd hands,

Her present favor cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace ;

If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to begone,

Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.

Nor happiness can I, nor misery, feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel :

Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior pow'rs,
Must mark the colour of her future hours.

From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require,
With pow'r invested, and with pleasure cheer'd,
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd,
Loaded and blest with the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore ;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy,
And at my death to blest thy kindness, shown
To her who, of mankind, could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a num'rous crowd ;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd :
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chuse propitious shafts a precious store,
That when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper armes employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy ;
And those, they vow'd, whose life should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of Beauty stopp'd her bridled doves,
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves ;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear,
And to the triumph call'd the god of War :
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

Now Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice,
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice,
But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield
And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift wing'd Pow'r shall take her trump again,
To sing her fav'rite Anna's wond'rous reign,

To recollect unwearied Marlbro's toils,
 Old Rufus' Hall unequal to his spoils
 The British soldier from his high command
 Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand,
 Let her at least perform what I desire
 With second breath the vocal brafs inspire,
 And tell the nations in no vulgar strain,
 What wars I manage and what wreaths I gain.
 And when thy tumults and thy fights are past,
 And when thy laurels at my feet are cast ;
 Faithful may' st thou, like British Henry prove,
 And Emma-like let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth let all thy sons appear,
 And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd : the Cyprian deity
 Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky ;
 And thou, the smiling said, great god of Days
 And Verse, behold my deed and sing my praise ;
 As on the British earth, my fav'rite isle,
 Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
 Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
 Proclaim with joy these memorable loves :
 From ev'ry annual course let one great day
 To celebrated sports and floral play
 Be set aside ; and in the softest lays
 Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
 And everlasting marks of honor paid
 To the true Lover and the Nut-brown Maid.

O W E N o f C A R R O N,

By DR. LANGHORNE.

There is something romantic in the story of the following POEM ; but the Author has his reasons for believing that there is something, likewise, authentic. On the simple circumstances of the ancient narrative, from which he first borrowed his idea, those reasons are principally founded, and they are supported by others, with which, in a work of this kind, to trouble his Readers would be superfluous.

O N CARRON's sids the primrose pale,

Why does it wear a purple hue ?

Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE,

Why streams your eyes with pity's dew ?

'Tis all with gentle OWEN's blood

That purple grows the primrose pale ;

That pity pours the tenderflood

From each fair eye in MARLIVALE.

The evening star fate in his eye,

The sun his golden tresses gave,

The north's pure morn her orient dye,

To him who rests in yonder grave !

Beneath no high, historic stone,

Tho' nobly born, is OWEN laid,

Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,

He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
 And fled before the mountain gale,
 Since first his simple dirge ye sung :
 Ye maidens fair of MARLIVALE.

Yet still, when *May* with fragrant feet
 Hath wander'd o'er your meeds of gold,
 That dirge I hear so simply sweet
 Far echoed from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of WILLIAM's * day,
 When Scotland's honors flourished still,
 That Moray's Earl, with mighty sway,
 Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store
 The fairer plains of Carron spread ;
 In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
 An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh ! write not poor—the wealth that flows
 In waves of gold round India's throne,
 All in her shining breast that glows,
 To Ellen's † charms, were earth and stone.

For

* William the Lyon, King of Scotland.

† The Lady Elien, only daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithisdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was esteemed one of the finest women in Europe, insomuch that she had several suitors.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
 The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
 And smoother Italy applied,
 And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assaile'd.

No foreign loves her breast beguile,
 And England's honest valour fail'd,
 Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

‘ Ah ! woe to thee, young Nithsdale,
 ‘ That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd,
 ‘ Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
 ‘ Thy voice, the music of the shade !

 ‘ Ah ! woe to thee, that Ellen's love,
 ‘ Alone to thy soft tale would yield !
 ‘ For soon those gentle arms shall prove
 ‘ The conflict of a ruder field.’

‘ Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
 And cast a rueful glance behind,
 As from her dimwood glen she broke,
 And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd—more unmov'd
 Than Moray's rocks, when storms invest,
 The valiant youth by Ellen lov'd
 With aught that fear, or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
 The soul beyond a vulgar state ;
 Th' unconquer'd banners he displays
 Control our fears, and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
 Of clouds that wander'd west away,
 Twilight with gentle hand did weave
 Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore,
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmetmore*.

Led by those waking dreams of thought
 That warm the young unpractis'd breast,
 Her w^{nted} bower sweet Ellen sought,
 And Carron murmur'd near, and sooth'd her into rest,

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
 That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
 Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
 And smiles at slumber's powerless chains ;
 'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
 At this soft hour the sprite was there,
 And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
 And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower

* A chain of mountains running through Scotland from East to West.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
 What long might weary mortal wight :
 Swift as the lightnings rapid flame
 Darts on the unsuspecting fight).

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand,
 As well that wizard bard hath wove,
 In scenes where fair Armida's wand
 Wav'd all the witcheries of love.

Yet was it wrought in simple shew ;
 Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
 Had lent their glories here to glow,
 Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
 The wild rose wound her damask flower ;
 The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
 That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash, that courts the mountain air,
 In all her painted blooms array'd,
 The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
 Combin'd to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
 The cowslip's sweet, reclining head,
 The violet of sky-woven vest,
 Was all the Fairy ground bespread.

But, who is he, whose locks so fair—
 Adown his manly shoulders flow;
 Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
 Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite.
 Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
 He courts her arms with fond delight,
 And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
 Some soft ideas melt away,
 If o'er sweet vale, or flowery lawn,
 The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray.

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
 And when the fleeting form was past,
 Still on thy memory found its mien,
 And felt the fond idea last?

Thou hast—and oft the pictur'd view,
 Seen in some vision counted vain,
 Has struck thy wondering eye anew,
 And brought the long lost dream again.

With warrior's-bow, with hunter's spear,
 With locks adown his shoulder spread,
 Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
 He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
 And fill'd her silver urn again,
 When in the devious chace to stray,
 Afar from all his woodland train,
 To Carron's bank his fate consign'd,
 And, all to shun the fervid hour,
 He sought some friendly shade to find,
 And found the visionary bower..

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
 Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
 And in the deep defending grove
 Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh !—who is he whose ringlets fair
 Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
 Reclin'd in rest—whose sunny hair
 Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow ?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
 (Ah me ! that sprites can fate controul !)
 That lives still imag'd on her breast,
 That lives still pictur'd in her soul

As when some gentle spirit fled
 From earth to breathe Elysium air,
 And, in the train whom we call dead,
 Perceives its long-lov'd partner there ;

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,

Resistless, o'er its airy frame,

To find its future fate restore

The object of its former flame,

So Ellen flood—less power to move

Had he, who bound in flumber's chain,

Seem'd haply, o'er his hill to rove,

Aud wind his woodland chace again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,

And fond delight and melting love

Seiz'd all her soul ; she came not near,

She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly from wizard's wand

As well might powerless captive fly

The new cropt flower falls from her hand—

Ah ! fall not with that flower to die*

VII.

Haft thou not seen some azure gleam

Smile in the morning's orient eye,

And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam.

What time the sun was hast'ning nigh ?

Thon haft—and thou canst fancy well

As any muse that meets thine ear,

The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,

When wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent

Silent they gaz'd—that silence broke ;

‘ Hail Goddess of these groves,’ he cry’d
 ‘ O let me wear thy gentle yoke ;
 ‘ O let me in thy service bide !

‘ For thee I’ll climb the mountain steep,
 ‘ Unwearied chase the destin’d prey,
 ‘ For thee I’ll pierce the wild-wood deep,
 ‘ And part the sprays that vex thy way,’

For thee—‘ O stranger, cease,’ she said,
 And swift away, like Daphne, flew,
 But Daphne’s flight was not delay’d
 By aught that to her bosom grew.

’Twas Atalanta’s golden fruit,
 The fond idea that confin’d
 Fair Ellen’s steps, and blest’d his suit,
 Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O love ! within those golden vales,
 Those genial airs where thou wast born,
 Where nature, listening thy soft tales,
 Leans on the rosy breast of morn,

Where the sweet smiles, the graces dwell,
 And tender sighs the heart remove,
 In silent eloquence to tell
 Thy tale, O soul-subduing love !

Ah !

Ah ! wherefore should grim rage be nigh,
 And dark distrust, with changeful face,
 And jealousy's reverred eye
 Be near thy fair thy favour'd place ?

IX

Earl Barnard was of high degree
 And Lord of many a lowland hind,
 And long for Ellen love had he,
 Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's Halls her absent hour
 He watch'd with all a miser's care ;
 The wide domain, the princely dower
 Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch ! to think the liberal soul
 May thus with fair affection part !
 Though Lothian's vales thy sway controul,
 Know, Lothian is not worth one heart,

Studiois he marks her absent hour,
 And winding far where Carron flows,
 Sudden he sees the fated bower,
 And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he ?—'tis Nithisdale !
 And that fair form with arm reclin'd
 On his ?—'tis Ellen of the vale,
 'Tis she (O powers of vengeance !) kind

Should

Should he that vengeance swift pursue?

No—that would all his hopes destroy;
Moray would vanish from his view.

And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—

He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,

• And, haste to yonder groves,' He cries,
• And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.'

• What time ye mark from bower or glen

• A gentle lady take her way

• To distance due, and far from ken,

• Allow her length of time to stray,

• Then ransack straight that range of groves.—

• With hunter's spear, and vest of green,

• If chance, a rosy stripling roves,—

• Ye well can aim your arrows keen.'

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,

And Ellen takes her homeward way;

Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,

She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale

The lover jeans his gentle heart,

Revolving many a tender tale,

And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the desart air,
 Ere yet his tender dreams depart ;
 And one struck deep his forehead fair,
 And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's wakeing dream is lost in sleep—
 He lies beneath yon poplar pale ;
 Ah ! could ye marvel ye should weep :
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

X.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore,
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmermore ;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
 Along the fairy-featur'd vale :
 Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
 And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale
 She'll meet him soon—for at her sight
 Swift as the mountain deer he sped ;
 The evening shades will sink in night,—
 Where art thou, loitering lover, fled ?

O ! She will chide thy trifling stay,
 E'en now the soft reproach she frames :
 • Can lovers brook such long delay ?
 • Lovers that boast of ardent flames ;

He comes not—weary with the chace,
 Soft slumber o'er his eyelids throws
 Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace.
 We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
 He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
 Lover, ife'er thy heart has bled,
 Thy heart will far forego my tale !

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
 She's not in Moray's splendid train ;
 Their mistress dear at midnight hour,
 Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down ;
 For her no balms their sweets exhale :
 Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
 Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
 The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
 And the chill mountain's early air
 Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
 When clouds involve his rosy light,
 Darts thro' the gloom a transient ray,
 And leaves the world once more to night ;

Returning life illumines her eye,
 And flow its languid orb unfolds—
 What are those bloody arrows nigh ?
 Sure, bloody arrows she beholds !

What was that form so ghastly pale,
 That low beneath the poplar lay ?
 'Twas some poor youth—‘ Ah Nithisdale !’
 She said, and silent funk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
 The wood-lark trills his liquid strain—
 Can morn’s sweet music raise the dead ?
 Give the set eye its soul again ?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
 Which nature not profusely yields,
 Seeks in these lonely shades to find
 Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
 O’er all his paly vantage glides—
 ‘ Ah me ! what means this misery here ?
 ‘ What fate this lady fair betides ?’

He bears her to his friendly home,
 When life, he finds, has but retir’d;
 With haste he frames the lover’s tomb,
 For his is quite, is quite expir’d !

XIII.

- O hide me in thy humble bower
Returning late to life she said ;
- I'll bind thy crook with many a flower ;
 With many a rosy wreath thy head.
- Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
 And, if my love asleep is laid,
- Oh ! wake him not ; but softly move
 Some pillow to that gentle head.
- Sure, thou wil't know him, shepherd swain,
 Thou know'st the sun rise o'er the sea—
- But Oh ! no lamb in all thy train
 Was e'er so mild, so mild as he.'
- His head his on the wood-moss laid ;
 I did not wake his slumber deep —
- Sweet sings the redbreast o'er the shade—
 Why, gentle lady, would you weep ?'

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,
When soften'd by the nightly tear ;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower, more sweet then they,
Found her fair soul, and, wandering near.
The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul,—Ah ! so to find
 Was but more dreadful grief to know !
 Ah ! sure, the privilege of mind
 Can not be worth the wish of woe.

XIV.

On melancholy's silent urn
 A softer shade of sorrow falls,
 But Ellen can no more return,
 No more return to Moray's Halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
 The slow consuming hour she'll weep,
 Till nature seeks her last-left aid,
 In the sad, sombre arms of sleep.

- ‘ These jewels all, unmeet for me,
- ‘ Shalt thou,’ she said, ‘ good shepherd take ;
- ‘ These gems will purchase gold for thee,
- ‘ And these be thine for Eilen’s sake.
- ‘ So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
- ‘ The rosemary’s pale bough to bring—
- Thou know’st where I was found forlorn—
- ‘ Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.
- ‘ Heedful I’ll tend thy flocks the while,
- Or aid thy shepherdess’s care,
- ‘ For I will share her humble toil,
- ‘ And I her friendly roof will share.’

XV.

And now two longsome years are past

In luxury of lonely pain—

The lovely mourner, found at last,

To Moray's Halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,

That wears love's sunny eye of joy—

Is Nithsdale reviving here ?

Or is it but a shepherd's boy ?

By Carron's side, a shepherd's boy,

He binds his vale flowers, with the reed ;

He wears love's sunny heart of joy,

And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah ! no more his infant sleep

Closes beneath a mother's smile,

Who, only when it clos'd would weep,

And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,

She seeks th' unspoken wish to find ;

No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,

See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII,

Does nature bear a tyrant's breast ?

Is she the friend of stern controul ?

Wears she the desp'ot's purple vest :

Or fetters she the free-born soul ?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
 In chains thy childrens' breasts to bind ?
 Gav'st thou the Promethean flame ?
 The incommunicable mind ?

Thy offspring are great Nature's,—free,
 And of her fair dominion heirs ;
 Each privilege she gives to thee ;
 Know, that each privilege is theirs,
 They have thy fortune, wear thine eye,
 Perhaps some feeling of thy heart ;
 And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
 To act their fair, their proper part ?

XVIII.

The Lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
 Ill fated Ellen, claims thy hand ;
 Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
 Was low laid by his ruffian band.
 And Moray with unfather'd eyes,
 Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
 Attends the human sacrifice,
 Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love ! thy bard shall own,
 Where two congenial souls unite,
 Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
 Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright.

But

But if no radiant star of love

O Hymen ! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's slow wandering wing
Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
Who bound his vale flowers with the reed ?

Ah me ! those flowers he binds no more ;
No early charm return again ;
The parent, nature keeps in store
Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sun-beam bright
That plays on Carron's breast he can,
Reason has lent her quivering light.
And shewn the chequer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
With pensive eye himself survey'd,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
Sate thoughtful oft in Eden's shade ;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
Wild Carron's lonely woods among.
And once, within their greenest glade,
He fondly fram'd this simple song :

XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
 Why am I tales of ladies told?
 Why does no labour me employ,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy?

A filken vest like mine, so green
 In shepherd's but I have not seen—
 Why should I in such vesture joy,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy?

I know it is no shepherd's art
 His written meaning to impart—
 They teach me, sure, an idle toy.
 If I am but a shepherd's boy.

This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
 It could not come from shepherd's farm;
 It only would that arm annoy,
 If I were but a shepherd's boy.

And, O thou silent picture fair,
 That lov'st to smile upon me there,
 O say, and fill my heart with joy,
 That I am not a shepherd's boy.

XXII.

Ah lovely youth! ah tender lay.
 May not thy gentle life prolong:
 See'st thou yon nightingale a prey?
 The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song?

His little heart is large with love :

He sweetly hail his evening star,
And fate's more pointed arrows move,
Infidous, from his eye afar,

XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care

Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom time leads calmly down to death.

- ‘ O tell me parent if thou art,
‘ What is this lovely picture dear ?
- ‘ Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
‘ Why flows from mine th’ unbidden tear ?
- ‘ Ah ! youth ! to leave thee loth am I,
‘ Tho’ I be not thy parent dear ;
- ‘ And would’st thou wish, or ere I die,
‘ The story of thy birth to hear ?
- ‘ But it will make thee much bewail,
‘ And it will make thy fair eye swell —’

She said, and told the woesome tale,
As sooth as shepherdess might tell.

XXIV,

The heart, that sorrow doom'd to share.

Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learns to bear,
And finds full oft, its ruin flow.

But when that seal is first imprest,

When the young heart its pain shall try,
For the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze

In paleness cloath'd, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread, unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life

Look'd wistful for the tear to glide ;
But when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one,—and died.

XXV.

‘ No, I am not a shepherd's boy,’

‘ Awaking from his dream, he said,

‘ Ah where is now the promis'd joy

‘ Of this ?—forever, ever fled !

‘ O picture dear ! for her lov'd sake

‘ How fondly could my heart bewail !

‘ My friendly shepherdess, O wake.

‘ And tell me more of this sad tale.

‘ O tell me more of this sad tale—

‘ No ; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep !

‘ And I will go to Lothian's vale,

‘ And more than all her waters weep.’

XXVI.

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—

Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—

• O ! art thou there, the full heart said,

‘ O ! art thou there, my parent dear ? ’

Yes, she is there : from idle state

Oft has she stole her hour to weep ;

Think how she ‘ by thy cradle fate,’

And how she ‘ fondly saw thee sleep*.’

Now tries his trembling hand to frame

Full many a tender line of love ;

And still he blots the parent’s name,

For that, he fears, might fatal prove

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side

Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with moss,

Where every bird was wont to bide,

That languish'd for its partner's loss;

This scene he chose, this scene assign'd

A parent's first embrace to wait,

And many a soft tear fill'd his mind,

Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,

The well-informing bracelet bore—

Ah ! may they not unprosp’rous prove !

Ah ! safely pass yon dangerous door !

She

* See the ancient SCOTTISH Ballad, called

XXVIII.

- ‘ She comes not ;—can she then delay ?
- ‘ Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—
- ‘ Whatever filial love could say,
- ‘ To her I said, and call’d her dear.
- ‘ She comes—Oh ! No—encircled round
- ‘ ‘Tis some rude chief with many a spear.
- ‘ My hapless tale that Earl has found—
- ‘ Ah me ! my heart ! for her I fear,’

His tender tale that Earl had read,
 Or ere it reach’d his lady’s eye,
 His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
 In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX,

- ‘ Tis o’er—those locks that wav’d in gold,
- ‘ That wav’d adown those cheeks so fair,
- ‘ Wreath’d in the gloomy tyrant’s hold.
- ‘ Hang from the sever’d head in air*,

* Well may it be declar’d by sacred inspiration, love is strong as death, jealousy cruel as the grave. Here is an instance of the melancholy effects of a jealous disposition, terminating in the murder of the suspected object, how justly may we adopt the language of the church, and say—from such a temper and disposition, good Lord deliver us. and let all the people say, amen,

That streaming head he joys to bear
 In horrid guise to Lothian's Halls :
 Bids his grim ruffians place it there
 Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—

‘ Know’st thou these—Ellen of the vale ?’
 The pictur’d bracelet soon she knew,
 And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.—
 The trembling victim, straight he led,
 Ere yet her soul’s first fear was o’er :
 He pointed to the ghastly head—
 She saw, and sunk, to rise no more.

T I M E,

By Dr YOUNG.

THE bell strikes One. We take no note of Time
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours ;
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the signal that demands dispatch :
 How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears
 Start up alarm’d ; and o’er life’s narrow verge
 Look down—on what ? a fathomless abyss ;
 A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

THE
FOUR SEASONS,

By SAMUEL JOHNSON. LL. D.

SPRING.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long continued strife ;
And nature, on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure, with her laughing train ;
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny consigns !
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
The rapture sings, and beauty shines !

Yet tho' my limbs disease invades
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight.
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
 A guide—a father—and a friend ;
 Once more great nature's works review,
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false carefles, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,
 The generous scorn of venal pow'r,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war.
 Here let me learn to shun the crime
 I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright wisdom, teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

SUMMER.

O Phæbus ! down the western sky
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray ;
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease !

Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night !

Refresh me with a cooling breeze,

And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground

Her living carpet nature spreads ;

Where the green bow'r, with roses crown'd,

In show'rs its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,

Let music die along the grove ;

Around the bowl let myrtles twine,

And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart !

Come, born to fill its vast desires !

Thy looks perpetual joys impact,

Thy voice perpetual joys inspires.

Whilst, all my wish and thine complete,

By turns we languish and we burn,

Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,

Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return,

Let me, when nature calls to rest,

And blushing skies the morn foretel,

Sink on the down of Stella's breast

And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN.

A LAS! with swift and silent pace
 Impatient time rolls on the year ;
 The seasons change, and nature's face
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
 Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow ;
 The flow'rs of Spring are swept away,
 And summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
 And wanton'd on the western breeze,
 Now trod in dust neglected lie,
 As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
 As russet heaths are wild and bare.
 Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain ;
 Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
 Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
 As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
 O would some god but wings supply !
 To where each morn the Spring restores,
 Companion of her flight, I'd fly.

Vain wish ! me fate compels to bear
 The downward seasons iron reign,
 Compels to breathe pulluted air,
 And shiver on a blasted plain

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
 If glooms, and show'rs, and storms prevail ;
 And Ceres flies the naked field,
 And flow'rs, and fruits, and Phœbus fail ?

O ! what remains, what lingers yet,
 To cheer me in the darkening hour ?
 The grape remains, the friend of wit,
 In love and mirth of mighty pow'r.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl ;
 Apollo ! shoot thy parting ray :
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,
 This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
 The pulse with vigorous rapture beat ;
 My Stella with new charms shall glow,
 And every bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER.

NO more the morn with tepid rays,
 Unfolds the flow'r of various hue ;
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
 Nor genic eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night ;
 Usurping darkness shares the day,
 Her mists restrain the force of light ;
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,
 The leafless wood, the naked field,
 The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain ;
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain,
 Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congeal'd, impetuous show'r's descend ;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere ;
 Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high ;
 Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale ;
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more ;
 Nor music charm, tho' Stella sings ;
 Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.

Catch then, O catch, the transient hour :
 Improve each moment as it flies,
 Life's a short Summer—man a flow'r ;
 He dies—alas ! how soon he dies.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS,

By DR. YOUNG.

NO man is happy till he thinks on earth
 There breathes not a more happy than himself.
 Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all ;
 And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
 Such angels, all, entitled to repose
 On Him who governs fate. Tho' tempest frowns,
 Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heaven !
 To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean !
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
 They stand collecting every beam of thought,
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight ;
 For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old
 In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, heaven ;
 Hence are they studious of sequester'd scenes ;
 While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

T E M P L E o f F A M E,

By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs ;
 When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray :
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast
 (What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings);
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose ;
 And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies ;
 The whole creation open to my eyes :
 In air self-balanc'd hung the globe bel ow,
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow :
 Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green ;
 Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes,
 There trees and intermingled temples rise :
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billow's murmur'ring on the hollow shore :

Then,

Then, gazing up, a glorious pile heheld,
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds coeal'
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way ;
 The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdued ;
 Yet wide were spread their fame in ages past,
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some, fresh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd :
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own with labour in their place ;
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the first impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun ;
 For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
 Like chrystral, faithful to the graven steel :
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter, with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play ;
 Eternal snows the growing mists supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky :
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
 Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
 Of various structure, but of equal grace :
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
 Her fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace ;
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield :

There

There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil :
 Here Orpheus sings ; trees moving to the sound,
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire !
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall :
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
 The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Affyrian fame,
 And the great founder of the Persian name :
 There, in long robes, the royal Magi stand ;
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand :
 The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desart woods rever'd,
 These flopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied shades.
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades ;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But, on the South, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view.
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
 His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold,
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
 There huge colosses rose, with trophies crown'd ;
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.
 There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes ;
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
 And youths that died to be by poets sung.
 These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
 In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face :
 The wall, in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes.
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall ;
 For thus romantic Fate increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold ;
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd.
 Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
 The friezes gold, and gold the capitals :
 As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depends in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
 The sage Historians in white garments wait ;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
 High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The Youth that all things but himself subdued ;
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 And his horn'd head belyed the Lybian God.
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone ;
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
 Unmov'd, superior still, in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate..
 But chief were those who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought.
 High o'er the rest Epam nondas stood ;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
 Bold Scipio, favour of the Roman state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great:

And

And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train : supreme of these
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates ;
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
 At all times just but when he sign'd the shell ;
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names ;
 Unconquer'd Cato, shews the wound he tore ;
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone,
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne ;
 Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ;
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall :

Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With parient touches of unwearied art :
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre ;
 Æneas bending with his aged fire :
 Troy flam'd in burning gold ; and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace ;
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run,
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone :

The champions, in distorted posture, threat ;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire ;
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirits of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace ;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear ;
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The Doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat, fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite ;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround ;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and looks all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone ;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consuls throne :
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns,

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.

Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great :
 The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
 The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

With various colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ;
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
 Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd,
 With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew ;
 And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long aisles extend,
 Such was her form as ancient bards have told,

Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet enfold ;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string :
 With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
 And last eternal thro' the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook ;
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall :
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
 Thick as the bees that with the spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly.
 Or settling seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend ;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
 Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same ;
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd ;
 Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns ;
 And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r :
 Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
 With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne.

On wit and learning the just prize bestow ;
For Fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise :
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around ;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud :
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud ;
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise.
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread :
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane :
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
Add the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd :
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This hand dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

But

But straight the direful trump of slander sounds ;
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies ;
 In ev'ry ear, incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :
 The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
 And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
 For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
 Those ills we dat'd thy inspiration own ;
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
 Ambitious fools ! (the Queen replied, and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd :
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone ;
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
 Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !

But save in desarts from th' applause of men,
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue even for virtue's sake.

And live there men who slight immortal fame ?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name ?
 But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise ! muses, rise ! add all your tuneful breath ;
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said : in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
 So soft tho' high, so loud and yet so clear,
 Even list'ning angels lean from heaven to hear :
 To furthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a yonthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd :
 Hither, they cried, direct your eyes, and see
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry ;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays ;
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days ;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair :
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid ;

Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell ;
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name ;
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers press'd
 Around the shrine, and made the same request :
 What you (she cried) unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to yourself, and even fatigued with ease,
 Who lose a length of undeserving days
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise ?
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall ;
 The people's fable, and the scorn of all !
 Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
 Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round ;
 Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
 And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
 Enslave their country, or usury a throne ;
 Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
 On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd ;
 Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics —
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.

At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its scite uncertain, it in earth or air ;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;
With ceaseless noise, the ringing walls resound ;
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll.
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings adyance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance ;
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neigb'ring air a soft impression make :

Another ambient circle then they move ;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above ;
 Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife.
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life ;
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store ;
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore ;
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air ;
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state :
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great ;
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new :
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ;
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew ;
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
 And priests, and party zealots, num'rous bands,
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands ;
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place ;
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
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And all who told it added something new,
 And all who heard it made enlargements too ;
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth,
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance ;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire.
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below ;
 Fame fits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force ;
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon ;
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lye and truth contending for the way ;
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent.
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseperable now the truth and lye ;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd,
 And this or that unmix'd no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?
 But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in others breath,
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign ;
 Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure ;
 Be envied, wretched—and be flatter'd, poor ;
 All luckless wits their enemies profest,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.
 Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice ;
 Oh ! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name
 But the fallen ruins of another's fame—
 Then teach me, heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;
 Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

G R O N G A R H I L L,

By JOHN DYER,

SILENT Nymph ! with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings ;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale ;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Grongar ! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;
Grongar ! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,

From

From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind ;
And groves and grottos, where I lay,
And vistos shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads.
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow ;
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours, intervene ;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature shew
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies ;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires ;

Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads,
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
 And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes :
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the fable yew :
 The slender fir that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs ;
 And, beyond the purple grove.
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love !
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood ;
 His sides are cloth'd with waving wood ;
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below ;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps :
 So both a safety from the kind
 On mutual dependence find.
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;

And

And there the fox securely feeds.
And there the poi's'ous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds :

While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.

Yet time has seen, that lifts the low
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state :

But transient is the smile of Fate !

A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave,

And see the rivers, how they run
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun !
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep !
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought ;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view !
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,

Roughly rushing on the sky !
 The pleasent seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;
 The town and village, dome and farm,
 Each gives each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide.
 How close and small the hedges lie !
 What streaks of meadow cross the eye ;
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream.
 So little distant dangers seem ;
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Eyed thro' hope's deluding glass.
 As yon sunnits soft and far,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which, to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
 Still we tread the same coarse way ;
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see !
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;
 For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul :

'Tis thus the busy fan the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie :
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts ! be great who will ;
Search for peace with all your skill ;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor :
In vain ye search, she is not there ;
In vain ye search the domes of Care !
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Evet by each other's side ;
And often, by the murmur'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

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THE
S O U L I N S O R R O W,

By DR. PARNELL.

WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O, Jesu, Lord of Life, on high !
As, when the summer's seasons beat
With scorching flame and parching heat,
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirsty gaps in earth are made ;
My thoughts of comfort languish so,
And so my soul is broke by woe.
Then on thy servant's drooping head
Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed ;
Let those a quick refreshment give,
And raise my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger, while I breathe.
My dread of endless hell beneath ;
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort, change within ;
Change all my sad complaints for ease,
To cheerful notes of endless praise ;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as owe their birth to joy :

Joy

Joy transporting, sweet and strong,
 Fit to fill and raise my song ;
 Joy that shall resounded be,
 While days and nights succeed for me.
 Be not as a Judge severe,
 For so thy presence who may bear ?
 On all my words and actions look,
 (I know they're written in thy book ;
 But then regard my mournful cry,
 And look with mercy's gracious eye.
 What needs my blood, since thine will do,
 To pay the debt to Justice due ?
 O, render mercy's art divine !
 Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine !
 Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful smart,
 Allay the bleedings of my heart :
 Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
 Restores my soul to life again.
 Guide me then, for here I burn,
 To make my Saviour some return.
 I'll rise (if that will please him, still :
 And sure I've heard him own it will);
 I'll trace his steps, and bear my cross,
 Despising every grief and loss ;
 Since he, despising pain and shame,
 First took up his, and did the same,

P I E T Y.

By DR. YOUNG.

ON piety humanity is built ;
 And, on humanity, much happiness ;
 And yet still more on piety itself.
 A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven ;
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;
 The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
 A Deity believ'd, is joy begun ;
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd ;
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
 Each branch of piety delight inspires :
 Faith builds a bridge from this world, to the next,
 O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides ;
 Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ;
 Pray'r ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man, in audience with the Deity.
 Who worships the Great God, that instant joins
 The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.







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